

OUR DUMB

Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Duty and the Beast

THE humane movement in America has always been splendidly represented on the West Coast by the San Francisco S. P. C. A. That Society and its leaders have ever been very close to the heart of our own Society in Massachusetts. The Secretary-Manager, Mr. Charles W. Friedrichs, is, indeed, an honorary vice-president of our Society.

In the September-October issue of *Our Animals*, published by the San Francisco S. P. C. A., Mr. Friedrichs has written an editorial entitled, "Duty and the Beast." We think it is so good that we wanted our readers to see it because it sets forth so well the aims and purposes of all real humane societies.

"The Society receives frequent queries upon its attitude toward this and that practice involving animals. Occasionally the inquiry is more all-inclusive, and we have had to find a succinct way of stating the Society's attitude toward animals and how it feels they should be treated.

"In seeking the right words to express the thought, we have found with some surprise, and much regret, that we have had to avoid the use of the word 'kindness.' Not that 'kindness' isn't a good word, it is one of the best, but, too often, it seems open to varied interpretations.

"Each of us has known an example of some living thing figuratively, or even literally, 'killed with kindness,' be it a child, a pet cat—or even a potted plant! Some people *and* animals become spoiled brats and remain so all their lives, through no fault of their own, but as a result of the mis-directed efforts of others.

"The goal of the Society is not to kill with kindness. It is not to obtain special privileges for animals at the expense of mankind. It is not to provide everyone with a pet, or promote the idea that there should be more dogs, more cats, or more canary birds.

"The goal of the Society, stated in the simplest terms, is to work toward halting and preventing all *unnecessary suffering* of animals in every way possible, and to work toward and encourage the discovery of ways and means of rendering suffering now considered necessary, *unnecessary*.

"Not only is this the Society's goal, but it is mankind's duty to all creatures capable of suffering."—*Charles W. Friedrichs*.

E. H. H.



Photo by A. Turner Wells

Story of "Rex"

THE MAIN streets of small towns are friendly and homey places. You meet your friends there at least half a dozen times a day and on some of those encounters pause to pass the time of day. Thus it is that when an habitue of the main drag is missing for any extended period, it causes comment and inquiry. And when, perhaps, the best loved of those to tread the sidewalks of the main street in Edgartown was strangely missing, it caused more than the usual comment and concern.

Now, Sidney Gordon walks alone, without his great dog, Rex, regal enough to measure up to his name, but gentle and kindly and wise. This photograph shows them before death stretched out a ruthless hand to break what had come to be known as a Damon and Pythias friendship. If you saw Sid without Rex, you wondered; if you saw Rex without Sid, you worried.

For nine long years the close companionship continued, man and dog sharing the thick and the thin of life,

guarding each other, worrying about each other. Many times a day they still trod the street in the early summer of this year, but it was pitifully apparent that the journey had become more of a chore for Rex and that he was happiest when he could lie at Sid's feet while his master rested on one of the benches outside the town hall.

When illness struck him down, Rex was taken to the Edgartown shelter of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., where all the skill of its fine veterinarian, Dr. W. D. Jones, was expended in his behalf, but to no avail. His master visited the big dog every day, and weak as he was, Rex struggled to his feet to greet him and reassure him that he would be back on duty any day.

Main street will know him no more, but he will be memorialized at the shelter, where the biggest cage of all will bear a plaque with his name, the gift of many of his friends and admirers among the year-round and summer residents.

By E. B. Hough

Footprints in the Snow

By Grace V. Guinan

*If you think you own a little dog,
(Oh, their days are all too few)
You'll find that you're mistaken
For the little dog owns you.*

*He gives you of his very heart
But takes yours, in its stead.
You buy his little mattress
But he sleeps upon your bed.*

*You think you'd like to rest awhile,
In your cosy easy chair,
But your favorite place is taken,
For the little dog is there.*

*Oh, I thought he would recover
The day he had to go,
But soon I had no little dog—
Just footprints in the snow.*

*Oh, just his footprints in the snow,
And footprints on my heart,
And memories of the happy days
Before we had to part.*

*The wagging of his frantic tail,
And his excited bark.
The thrill of his adventures
When I'd walk him in the park.*

*The memories of his snow-white coat,
And his perky, silky ears,
And the little woofs of greeting
That I had through all the years.*

*So, if you own a little dog
Oh, all the love there is
Is bundled up inside of him,
And all your heart is his.*

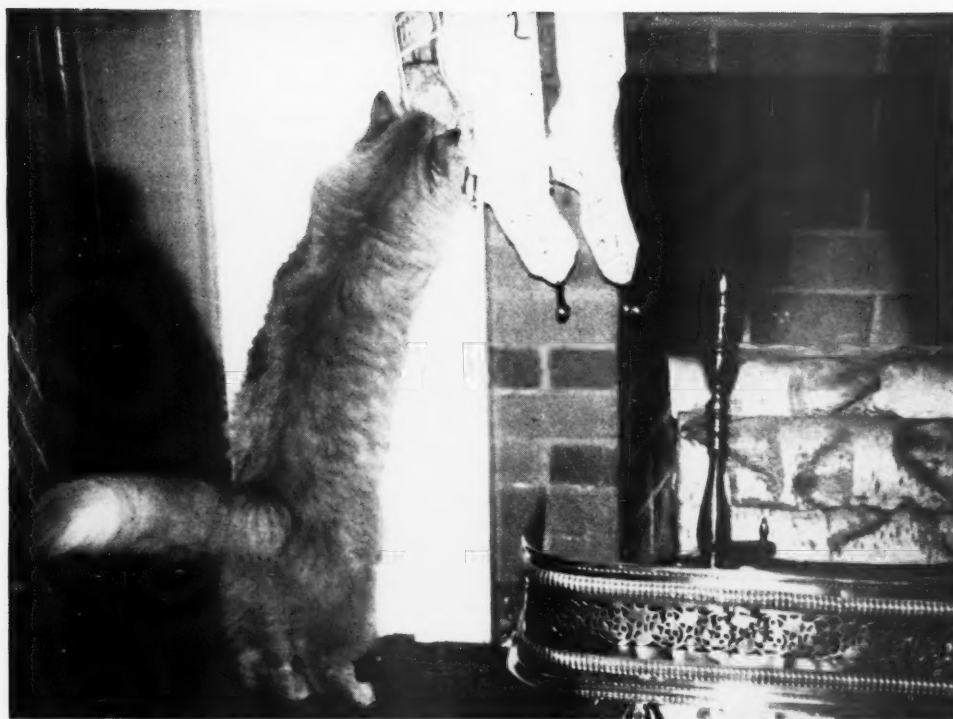
*Keep happy memories in your heart,
The day he has to go,
And smile, through tears as you look
down
On footprints in the snow.*

Incredible Porcupine

A gentleman from Wilton, New Hampshire, owns an apple orchard, the scene of a most unusual story he tells about a porcupine. This is a true story—at least he says it actually happened.

It seems that this porcupine ventured into the orchard and started rolling apples into a circle about two feet wide. Then he turned over on his back on the pile of apples and got up with ten apples sticking on his quills. He then hurried away with his cleverly attained "loot."

—Charlotte Radford



Peep investigates the stockings before-hand to see if he can guess what he's getting.

Our Pets Enjoy Christmas

By Bertha L. Ingalls

'TIS said that one must have children in the house to enjoy Christmas to the utmost. We have no children, but we do have Peggy, our four-year-old cocker spaniel, and Peep, our five-year-old long-haired cat, and believe me, as a substitute for children at Christmas, they really fill the bill. On Christmas eve, it wasn't visions of sugar plums that danced in their heads, but rather catnip, peanuts, dog bones and such.

Peep, the feline king of our household, always considers the Christmas tree, with all its glory, his very own special property and during the yuletide season, he reigns supreme from his spot beneath it.

This year, when we commenced the tree-trimming ceremony, Peep was fast asleep, curled gracefully around the dining room table centerpiece. When at last he awoke, and sauntered slowly into the living room, the tree was up and the lights shining brightly. When he noticed the tree, he stopped short and his facial expression seemed to light up fully as much as the tree. Truly, if we could have heard what he was saying, I'm sure

it would have been, "Oh! Oh!" Then, as quick as a wink, he bounded under the tree and began to rub the lower branches affectionately with his tiny pink nose.

There are folks, I expect, who might believe us a bit touched as they read this story, but we believe that Peep's reaction ranks tops in our Christmas fun.

As for Peg, the pre-Christmas season was full of excitement and anticipation. One day, when I came home from Christmas shopping, she jumped up and sniffed the packages, to see if there was one for her. There was, though how she knew it was, I'll never know. It was a teddy bear and I had to get her interested in something else in order to find time to wrap it and put it with the other gifts I had bought. Later on, I heard Peggy bark and went to find her. There she was, seated in front of the packages, sniffing with her nose pointed in the direction of her gift. I told her she had to wait for Santa to bring it to her and the only way I could get her to stop barking was to hide the gift and interest her in something else. After that, whenever Santa was mentioned,

she would wag her tail and bark.

In our house there were four stockings hanging on our fireplace, one pair on each side. On the left, supplemented by one of those open-work affairs were Peep's and Peggy's and on the right were my husband's and mine. When they were filled we all opened them together. The animals had theirs on the floor and they got things out with their paws and then opened the wrappers with their teeth. Peep found in his a big box of catnip, rubber ball, catnip mice, peanuts and poking out of the top was a tiny plastic Santa.

Peggy found the teddy bear, a bone, mouse, cube, ball, duck, all made of rubber, as well as peanuts and a plastic red horse, peeking out of the top of the stocking. Peep enjoyed his catnip best and Peggy her peanuts. She would eat the peanut and drop the shell on the floor.

You can imagine how littered our living room looked, but we didn't mind for, as my husband says, "Christmas comes only once a year and pets like ours, only once in a lifetime."

DOG ODDITIES

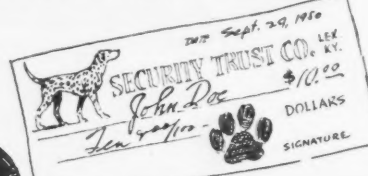
By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



FIGUREHEADS OF **GREAT DANES** WERE USED BY THE NORMANS ON THE PROWS OF THEIR SHIPS



NOSE PRINTS OF DOGS, LIKE FINGERPRINTS IN MEN, ARE VALUABLE FOR **IDENTIFICATION** PURPOSES



NIGEL, A DALMATIAN, HAS HIS OWN CHECKING ACCOUNT AT THE SECURITY TRUST CO., LEXINGTON, KY. HIS PICTURE IS ON THE CHECKS AND HIS PAW PRINT IS HIS SIGNATURE

© 1930, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

The Bell Tolled

By Dora Aydelotte

CITIZENS of Troy, New York, were recently aroused from their sleep by the tolling of the big bell in St. Joseph's cathedral. Clang-clang! The notes rang out solemnly in the early morning quiet. Soon the whole town roused, all of its citizens listening to the throbbing dirge. People gazed wonderingly at each other, trying to think what it could mean. Someone important must have died. Could it be the solemn signal of their beloved priest's untimely death?

The telephone in the rectory of St. Joseph's rang madly and the pastor, the Reverend James A. Nolan, was kept busy assuring his troubled parishioners that he was very much alive and well. Still, to the public mystification, the great bell went on tolling. Rumors and counter-rumors flew far and wide.

The big bell had tolled for an hour before an electrician reached the scene. He clambered laboriously up into the bell tower, opened the relay central box to find the trouble. There he discovered a bird's nest across the relay points.

No bird was there and the nest contained no eggs, but the weight of the nest had closed the circuit and set the bell to ringing and, at the same time, set the whole town to talking. The electrician did some quick repair work and the big cathedral bell fell silent. But one little bird had unknowingly kept the great bell tolling.

Christmas Necktie!

By Elizabeth B. Cason

WE who would never ridicule a fellow-human, shamed our dog. It was Christmas evening and we sat by the fire, the young people swapping yarns about holiday experiences and Christmas presents. Jack had just asked:

"What would you suggest that I do with this?"

The "this" in question was a hand-painted necktie. There in all her guile was a girl, garbed only in bubbles, poised on the edge of a champagne glass.

Sandy, who had been lying in the center of the circle, was aroused by the laughter and he now got up, yawned and stretched. Jack said:

"That's an idea. Come here, fella. I have something for you."

Sandy went dutifully to him and stood patiently waiting. He looked grand with his red Christmas bow on his collar. Jack tied the necktie around Sandy's neck and then everybody shrieked. Sandy walked slowly to the door and tapped to be let out. I opened the door for him and he strode out into the night, without a backward glance.

The party broke up soon after and the young people dispersed. I stayed by the fire and listened for Sandy to return. He rarely stayed very long; he liked his sleeping mat at the foot of my bed.

Finally, I went to the door, but the usual whistles and calls brought no response so I locked up for the night, confident that I would hear him when he tapped for entrance.

Morning came and I was alarmed when I became aware that Sandy was not there. When I went out to bring in the paper, I heard a gale of laughter at the corner bus stop. A group of people were standing there and I wondered what joke they could be sharing. Then I saw.

Skirting the group was Sandy. His Christmas bow was under one ear; the tie was still around his neck, but the girl was in shreds. Sandy carried his tail low and he slunk along, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible. Then he saw me.

I crouched down and put out my hand. "Come here, Sandy," I said quietly. He came, but reluctantly. I untied the necktie and threw it into the gutter. Then I perked up his Christmas bow and patted him.

"Now you look grand," I said, and Sandy snapped into form. His waving plume rose high; his back stiffened and he walked with all his dignity toward the house.

DID you ever wonder who approved the flavor of cat foods? In at least one instance, the tasting has been done by an actual cat. Whispers, a London feline, has just completed five years' service as a cat food taster.

Whispers' owner landed the cat its odd job as the result of a newspaper ad. In due time, Whispers was on the plant's payroll, with a small salary for his services. For five years the cat ate for a living, munching with relish or sniffing disdainfully, according to its taste. Recently retired, he is now back with his owner's family. They are very proud of Whispers, who is to receive a gold medal in appreciation for his years of faithful service.

—Ida M. Pardue

IT was in a house bought for speculation that I found the pint-size Santa Claus suit, complete with boots and long Angora whiskers.

"One of the neighbor children will love this at Christmas time," I told myself, and carried it home.

Chances are, I'd never have thought of it again if it hadn't been for Billy Hamilton, a youngster who practices photography to augment his weekly allowance.

"Look, Mrs. Morris," he said one day in July, when his finances had sunk to an all time low, "you're going to need a lot of Christmas cards this year, so why not let me snap a picture and print it on classy Christmas folders?"

I was in no mood to talk of "Christmas" with the "Fourth" just behind me, but Billy was persistent and I was too hot to offer much resistance.

"But, instead of us as subjects," I haggled, not wishing him to think me a push-over, "why not use Mr. Blue? Friends are always asking for pictures of him. . . ."

That point settled, we moved to the next consideration—the how and where to pose Mr. Blue. Billy thought we might frame him with a wreath on which was lettered, "Merry Christmas." Jack, who came on the scene at that moment, reasoned that a tree for background would be more seasonal, while I, remembering the Santa Claus suit, pooh-poohed both suggestions.

"You two just wait," I said. "I'll show you some props made to order."

I emptied the box on the kitchen floor with Mr. Blue on hand to investigate.

"Hold still," I told him and snapped the beard under his chin. He looked comical and we all laughed, whereupon, he walked stiff-legged about the room, urging us with rolling eyes and bodily contortions to greater hilarity.

"Come here, boy," I called, when I'd caught my breath. "Let's try on the cap."

There was a little bell on top and he pranced and shook his head to make it tinkle. When we'd exhausted ourselves laughing at him, we got back to the question of pictures. Sobering, we all decided a pose with cap and whiskers not only lacked dignity but was not exactly kind to Mr. Blue. We decided that the picture must contain a wreath, a tree or—nothing.

"I agree," I said, "but where are we going to get a trimmed tree or wreath in July?"

Evidently, this little item hadn't crossed their minds and they looked dashed.

"Come on," I said, leading the way to the lawn, "it will only take a minute."

There was some business with meter and tape measure, but then we were ready and I held up my hand, a signal for Mr. Blue to "freeze." At that moment, Daisy, the little brown dog who lives down the road, trotted across the lawn, making a beeline for the garden spot. Mr. Blue, holding the pose, watched her, eyes wide with alarm. The camera clicked, which he has learned means dismissal, and after Daisy he went, whiskers streaming out behind him.

Until that moment, Hilda and Brokah, the horses, had been watching us with mild interest, but at sight of an animal which appeared mad and frothing at the mouth, they crashed through the fence and raced to the far end of the alfalfa patch, whinnying in terror. Pumpkin, who was sunning himself directly in Mr. Blue's path, leaped up, hissed at the whiskered monster and with a loud yowl, climbed a light pole.

"Come back here!" I yelled, adding to the confusion. But Mr. Blue paid not the slightest attention. His interest rested

"Mr. Blue" Rebels

by Ina Louez Morris



in Daisy, who was exhuming his private property, to wit: an extra large knuckle bone. I thought for a minute he was going to snatch it from her, but chivalry triumphed over greed and he merely trailed her across the garden and down an irrigation ditch, inches deep in water.

"Look at him!" I said, exasperated. "He's lost the cap and now he's spoiling the whiskers. Call him, Jack."

But calls and whistles fell on deaf ears. Mr. Blue had posed, the camera had clicked. Therefore, his chore was done. Now, he had personal business to attend to and he didn't mean to be diverted.

"Well, at least we have one picture," I said.

"Yeah," Billy agreed. "I sure hope it's good." Then, he let out a groan and collapsed on the lawn, holding his head.

"What's wrong?" I cried, alarmed.

"The film," he said, not daring to look at me. "I forgot to load the camera!"

"Good," Jack said. "I still think . . ."

A slight altercation down the road interrupted us and we looked to see Daisy a-straddle the bone and snapping at Mr. Blue in a most unladylike fashion. Realizing, I suppose, that he'd gain nothing by arguing with a woman, he came home, treading on the whiskers with every step. By that time, Billy had loaded his camera, but Mr. Blue, grieving for his lost treasure, crawled under the house and refused to come out.

Cats Are Smart

By Julia R. Davis

CATS have never been credited with the intelligence of dogs, but many instances prove they can reason and are sympathetic.

John Sylvester was a retired electric worker and lived alone in his little home. One day he was doing some work in his house and fell from a ladder, seriously injuring his hip. He was unable to rise and in great pain he lay where he fell for almost two days.

During that time, Tabby, his cat, stayed at his side most of the time, seemingly trying to comfort him. Once he disappeared, but later returned, bringing a dead bird which he laid beside his master. Tabby seemed to realize his master had gone too long without food.

Sylvester was finally found by a friend, who had dropped in to see him, and he was taken to a hospital. Of course, Tabby was well cared for during his master's stay in the hospital, for Sylvester made daily inquiries about his pet. He thinks of his cat, not as a dumb creature, but as an intelligent companion, who just hasn't the gift of speech.

Pass the Plate

By Helen W. Korts

OUR neighbor's dog soon found out that carrying her tin feeding plate in her mouth not only attracted attention, but that it also brought forth an extra tid-bit from the table.

After finishing her meal one day, Boots, the dog, began playing with her plate. She carried it around the table and someone dropped some food on it. Boots put the plate down, ate the morsel and then went on to the next person.

From that time on, whenever anyone sat down to eat, Boots went for her plate and passed it around. Not only did she do this at dinner time, but, whenever the bridge club met and refreshments were served, Boots passed her plate much to the delight of the ladies.

Yes, Boots had learned a new trick and one very much to her liking both because it was the source of many an extra snack and also because Boots was just a natural-born show-off and loved to display her talents.

World's Strangest Deer

By W. J. Banks

THE milu is certainly the strangest of all the world's deer. He trots like a horse, brays like an ass, and droops his head like cattle. His long tail resembles a mule's. His hoofs spread when he walks in a bovine way, then click together like the reindeer's. His antlers seem to have been stuck on back to front, with a main fork forward and a long prong pointing to the rear. And, just to be different, he sometimes grows two sets in a year!

The milu is not only the oddest, but probably the scarcest of all surviving deer species. The tinu deer of the Florida Keys are no doubt fewer, but are classed as a race of whitetail. The milu, however, is a species so distinct that the Chinese, from whose land he hails, weren't sure that he was a deer at all. So, they dubbed him *sze-pu-hsiang*: "not like the four," probably referring to the horse, cow, goat and deer.

We have no record of this big, friendly chap in the wild state. Man's improvidence, apparently, wiped out the last free herds in the Yellow River region centuries ago. Fortunately, a number had been enclosed in an Imperial park near Peking where they dwelt under the Emperor's protection for hundreds of years. In the last decade of

the nineteenth century, floods, which breached the stone wall, and slaughter by soldiers during the Boxer rebellion doomed this herd. The last milu in China, a lonely doe, died in 1920.

Fortunately, before this happened, various European legations in Peking were able to secure breeding pairs to send back home. The then Duke of Bedford, father of the man who today owns most of the world's milu, realized that to save the species a considerable herd must be established. He bought all he could obtain, some eighteen animals in all, and added them to his collection of other rare and interesting species in the great park at Woburn Abbey, in England. Recently, 242 milu were listed in the Woburn herd.

The survival of the species now assured, it has been possible in recent years to begin restocking other localities from Woburn. In London there is a small herd of eight, New York has four and the first milu fawn born in America arrived there in 1949. Toronto's pair produced the healthy youngster shown in the picture. Four milu traveled to Munich and four to Sydney. The milu are hardy, breed freely in their new surroundings, and usually are so friendly that it is hard to keep them far enough away from the camera.





Photo by Addison Noy

"Powdy's" Christmas Present

*by Evelyn
Witter*

**Powdy got her
fill of
looking at last
and turned
to see what the
rest of the
family was doing**

POWDY, the cat, whose full name was Powder Puff, was worried. She was worried that she wasn't going to get a Christmas present. She had wandered in and out of the old farm house for weeks, listening to the family's whisperings about Christmas. But never once had she heard the name of Powdy mentioned.

On Christmas Eve she sat on the front porch, looking into the living room. There were many gifts in there, she knew. She looked hard at each member of the family to see if at least one of them would remember her. She looked longest of all at little Louise, who had raised her from a kitten. Surely, she thought Louise would not forget her—Louise who never forgot to feed and pet her.

Just then the big front door swung open and Louise called, "Powdy! Here kitty, kitty, kitty! I want you to see the tree. We've just finished trimming it."

Powdy bounded into the living room. There on the table before her eyes was the most beautiful tree she had ever seen.

Powdy walked closer to the tree. There was a blond angel on the top which looked very much like the little farm girl who always took such loving care of all the animals.

She noticed the pretty lights. Some of them looked like the stars that shone down on her when she took her favorite walks around the barn yard and through the garden and into the orchard.

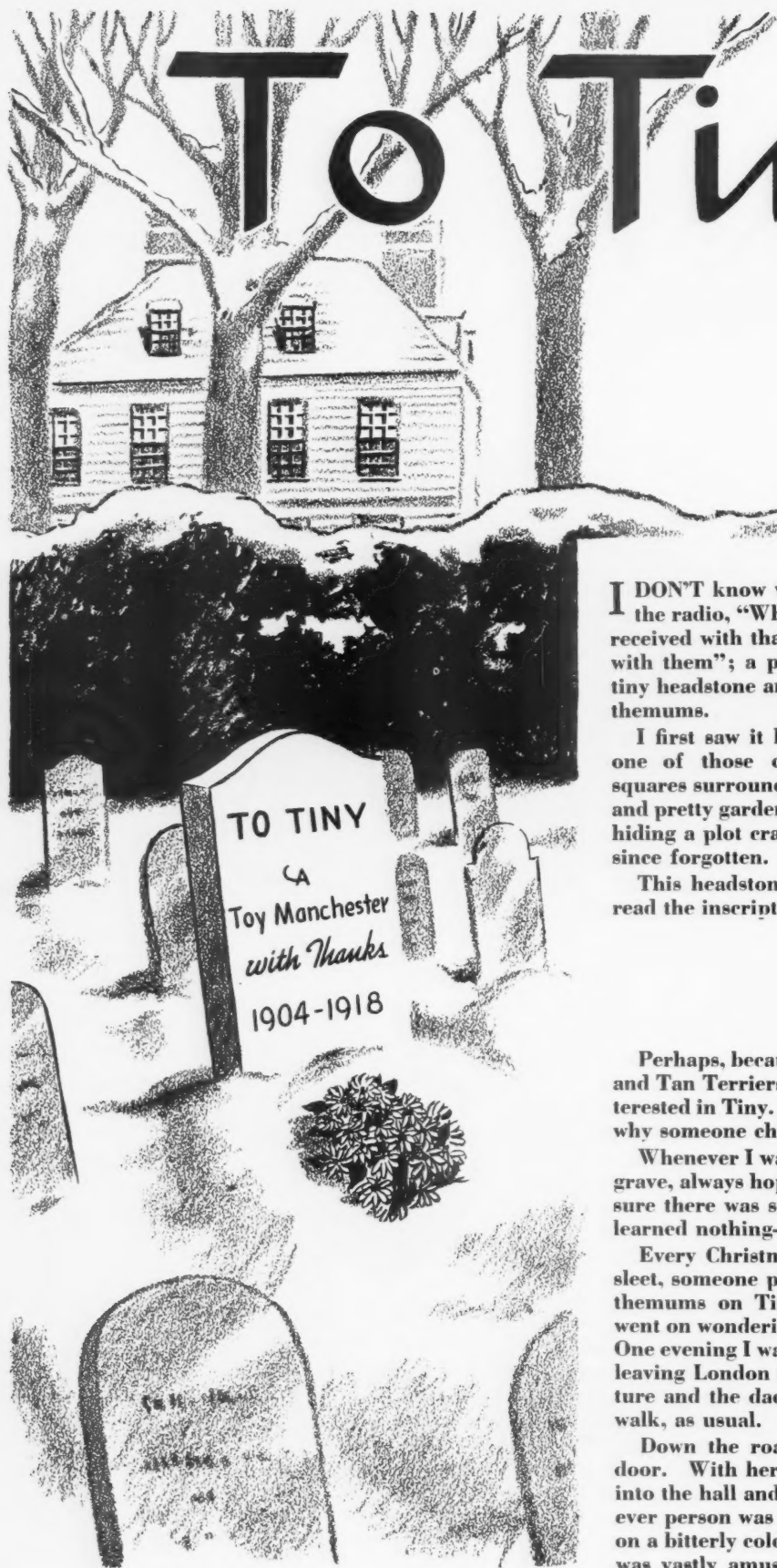
There were bright balls, too, that looked very much like the balls of yarn Powdy liked to play with when Mom and Louise got out the mending basket.

When Powdy reached up to touch a branch with her paw she heard a bell tinkle. It sounded something like the bell on the black and white cow who gave the milk she drank.

Powdy was so surprised that she lay

right down in front of the tree and stared and stared. Here, on one tree, were all the things she loved most in all the world! First of all was the little girl who was her best friend. Then the stars that kept her company when she walked alone. There were the balls that gave her so much fun. And there was even the tinkling bell that reminded her of good, warm milk.

Powdy purred loud enough for everyone to hear. What she was trying to tell them was, "Thank you for my lovely present. I do like looking at my tree very much!"



To Tiny, w

BY VIN AR

I DON'T know why, but hearing a man's voice saying over the radio, "When Christmas gifts are bought with love and received with thanks, they bring many unexpected blessings with them"; a picture instantly flashed into my mind of a tiny headstone and a bunch of bright yellow button chrysanthemums.

I first saw it by chance some years ago. I was exploring one of those charmingly unexpected tree-lined London squares surrounded by Georgian houses with gay front doors and pretty gardens. In the corner I saw a privet hedge almost hiding a plot crammed with tiny headstones. All were long since forgotten. *Except one!*

This headstone was clean, the letters freshly blacked. I read the inscription:

To Tiny
A Toy Manchester
With Thanks
1904-1918

Perhaps, because I had a Toy Manchester (Miniature Black and Tan Terriers they are called now) I became instantly interested in Tiny. I wanted to know something about him and why someone cherished his memory for so long.

Whenever I was anywhere near, I always went to see Tiny's grave, always hoping to find out something about him. I felt sure there was something rather special about Tiny. But I learned nothing—nothing, except one thing.

Every Christmas in fine weather or foul—snow, rain, or sleet, someone put a bunch of bright yellow button chrysanthemums on Tiny's grave. Why yellow? I wondered. I went on wondering until just before Christmas two years ago. One evening I was terribly busy doing last-minute jobs before leaving London to spend Christmas at home, but my miniature and the dachshund insisted on going for their evening walk, as usual.

Down the road, light streamed from a wide-open front door. With her incredible impudence, the miniature raced into the hall and released a salvo of indignant barks at whatever person was so foolish as to leave a front door wide open on a bitterly cold night. A huge man, coming out to his car, was vastly amused. The miniature, yapping frantically to

with Thanks

ARLINGTON

let me know that here was trouble, leaped to avenge the insult.

"Oh, please, let my mother see her!" the man said. He showed us into a happy room with a leaping fire and a large Christmas tree in the window. In a noticeably excited voice, he said, "Look here, Mother!"

His mother said, "*Oh! . . . isn't she like Tiny! She's even wearing a red coat just like I used to make for him.*"

I wasn't a bit surprised to hear her say that, for standing on the dark oak bookcase was a vase of bright yellow button chrysanthemums. At last I heard the story of Tiny. It began on Christmas Eve forty-eight years ago.

A hawker at the door pulled a miserable looking little creature out of his coat pocket and offered him for sale. Poor Tiny looked as unhappy as Mrs. Brown felt. Her little boy, Peter, (now the huge man) had been ill so long and the doctors couldn't rouse him. She bought Tiny. At least, she could give *him* a happy Christmas and a good home. Perhaps, too, he might interest Peter. But Peter didn't take the slightest notice of Tiny.

As anyone who has had a Toy Manchester knows, they insist on being noticed. One day Tiny snatched up a yellow button chrysanthemum which had dropped on the floor, raced gaily into Peter's room, leaped on a low chair, then on to the bed. He shook the flower vigorously, dropped it, vapped at Peter, yapped again and again. At last, Peter wearily picked up the flower and threw it for Tiny. It was Tiny's imperious yaps, his vigorous scrapping at the side of the bed, dancing on his hind legs like a monkey on a stick, *insisting* on Peter paying attention to his wants, that finally roused the boy back to health.

"But for Tiny I should have had no son, no grandchildren, and no family Christmas parties," Mrs. Brown told me. "We've never forgotten what we owe him. That's why we keep his grave in order and put bright yellow button chrysanthemums on his grave every Christmas. During Christmas dinner we pass a money-box around the table. It has "TINY" on it. The money is given in thanks for all the happiness that Tiny gave us, and we send it to help buy a Guide Dog for a blind person. We hope that that dog will help make somebody as happy as Tiny made us.



Spirit Dog

By Wendell T. Ingham

*You'll hear his footsteps at the entrance;
You'll hear him scratching on the door.
He is near though you can't see him
And leaves no footprints on the floor.*

*His supper dish is empty;
His bed is put away;
His food shelf in the pantry
Is bare of food today.*

*When watching dancing shadows
As fire on the hearth burns low,
You will fancy that you see him,
But it's only an idle dream, you know.*

*Then on some quiet evening
When sunset dims the land,
He will see that you are grieving
And he'll gently come and lap your hand.*

Showerbath for Shadow

By Esther M. Tupper

SHADOW, so named because she appeared and disappeared with unnerving ease, came to live with us one Spring. The notice she took of activities around the house was uncanny. Even at the age of two months her thought progress was amazing.

Two successive nights she watched my husband wash up for dinner, sitting silent and alert as he washed his face, then his hands and arms. The next morning when I washed the dishes she climbed on the work counter and watched with the same intentness. Her little paws dipped in and out of the foamy suds.

As soon as I finished the dishes she climbed in the sink. There she sat stubbornly. I put her on the floor only to have her hop right back. To discourage her I turned on the water. The joke was on me.

Water she wanted. Lots of it. She held one paw under the faucet until it was sopping wet and then sponged her face and body. She wet the other paw and held her head under the tap, letting the water run down her back. She was quite wet all over when she finally stepped on the counter and stood patiently while I dried her with a towel.

Every day after that she jumped in the sink, meowed and hit the faucet with her paw until I turned on the water. She was very smart, I think, to figure out such an easy way to keep clean. No tiresome spit and polish for her.

Old Dog—New Tricks

By Jane Calder

MY boxer dog, Biff, acts very peculiarly and I'm beginning to think she is a character. Physically she seems all right, but mentally—I'm not so sure.

Biff is twelve years old and, like some people growing older, she wants her own way. And it has come to the point, when there are orders to be given, she gives them.

If I'm using the telephone and the conversation lasts longer than she thinks it should, she goes to the front door and barks loudly. I rush to the door only to find no one there, then realize it is just her way of getting me away from the phone. What she is trying to tell me is probably something like this, "I'm tired of listening to that baloney—hang up!"

When I visit my neighbors and stay too long, I return home to find my bedroom slippers in the center of the living room floor. I say to her, "What's the big idea?" She blinks at me and slowly walks away, as if to say, "Why did you stay away so long?"

One day I was packing my bag to go away while Biff was curled up on a rug nearby, taking a nap with one eye half opened. After I was finished packing, she yawned a few times, stretched lazily and finally got up on all fours, only to show me she had a limp in one front leg.

How could it have happened, when she had been by my side all day? But, knowing that old dogs do suddenly develop an ailment, I proceeded to examine her foot and leg. Finding no trouble, I thought perhaps she was getting a little queer mentally. In the evening, my husband, having arrived home from work, examined her leg, too. Finding no trouble, he decided it was just old age with her.

By the next morning she had developed a real "charlie horse," and I was ready to change my mind about making the trip, but my husband assured me he would take her to a veterinarian if anything serious developed. So, I went on my merry way.

After a few days, my husband called me long distance and told me Biff was all right. She was up to her old tricks—to think I almost fell for it. I am convinced what my dog really needs is a psychiatrist.

Rover, the "Prof"

By Art Crockett

HOW would you like to sit in a language class waiting for your teacher to arrive and then be surprised at the entrance of a dog? Many Japanese children and adults have had that experience since America's occupation of Japan. Of course, a human teacher follows the dog into the classroom, but the success of the day's lesson depends entirely upon the canine "professor."

Since the end of World War II, English has been a required subject in almost every school in Japan. And in most respects the Japanese have done wonderfully well in learning our language. But as every ex-GI of the last war knows, the Orientals have a particularly trying time mastering the "r" sound that pops up so frequently in English. And that is where the dog comes in.

The classroom becomes suddenly quiet. All eyes and ears are alert and focused upon Rover, the prof, as he begins his low guttural growl. Then, when it appears that he has finished, the entire class begins to imitate Rover's "rrrr" sound until the room takes on the aspects of a kennel. Laughter follows, of course, but as the teacher leads the dog out of the classroom, he is confident that the lesson was successful.

Will man ever discover a dog's limitations?

Smallest Pets

WHAT is the smallest pet? A toy dog? A mouse? A goldfish?

Not at all. Fleas win the title, hands down. Who keeps fleas? They are popular pets in Mexico—and so are cockroaches.

Another small pet is the cricket. What is the voice of the cricket to you—annoyance, or song? The Chinese hear music when the cricket speaks. So do the Indians of the Amazon Valley—the Japanese, and the Spanish. Because of this, these people make pets of crickets, keeping them in their homes so as to enjoy their nighttime serenade, just as we keep canaries for their song. Like birds, the crickets are housed in tiny, often very elaborate, cages.

Cricket fanciers are even found in Africa, where some natives keep the ordinary house variety.



Christmastime In Timely Rhyme

Christmas in the Barn

By Sara E. Baldwin

Let's have Christmas in the barn,
We'll take apples, milk and corn,
Hay and cabbage, carrots, wheat,
Oats and bran and something sweet.
Now we're ready, come, let's go,
On this Christmas morning.

Bossy, hay and bran for you;
Dobbin, hay, oats, sugar, too;
Henny Penny, corn and wheat,
Piggy, all the rest will eat.
Contentment to you one and all
On this Christmas morning.

Christmas Still

By Howard A. Dettmers

His paws show plainly on the snow,
That he and many others go,
To homes where food in bowl and pan,
Declare the kindness of man.

Four-footed guests may never know,
These visits set a heart to glow,
That each coming leaves warm cheer,
When Christmas imprints disappear.

Unknown Glory

By Jessie M. Dowlin

How proud the cattle
In their stalls might be,
If they could know
That long ago
A manger cradled
Christ of Galilee.

The Christmas Kine

By Laura Simmons

And all for us alone—the lovely sight!
Surely the kind God chose us from the
rest,
His lowly beasts about the manger
pressed,
Beneath the towering Star, that gracious
night!

He knew we were not wise; we could
not bring
Rich gold and myrrh unto the stable-
bed,
Nor sing for joy of his dear Gift out-
spread,
The little Jesus, Lord of everything.

Yet, ere the shepherds came, or anyone,
It was for us, His humble kine, to greet
With low of wonderment and gentle
bleat

The maiden Mother and her Holy Son.

Oh, keepers of the flocks! Did we not
share
The cradle of the Lord? All dumb and
poor,
Were we not touched with glory in that
hour,
Worthy forever of your sheltering care?

Give thought that He so loved us, too,
your King.
Give heed—remembering, remembering!

Christmas Harmony

By Howard A. Dettmers

Where apple waits the milk-man's horse,
Beechnut a squirrel's winter quest,
And suet halts the red bird's course,
Our neighbor's home seems richly blest.

Each kindly act appears to say:
Let none God's creatures here dismay,
But make them joyful, glad and gay,
He who loves all is born today.

Christmas Eve

By Mary W. Pease

Our stable on that quiet night
Was an enchanted place to me.

The rafters shone like candlelight
And all the creatures seemed to be
Expecting something more than food—
Something most beautiful and good;
Some miracle to loose their tongue
And give them speech like that of men.

Not one of those I walked among
From the wee bossy in its pen,
To the great ox, but hoped to plead;
For whatsoever seemed its need.

I heard a voice, I could have stayed
But went into the dark—and prayed.



We Judge a Pet Show

THE annual pet show of the Children's Museum of Boston emphasizes care, understanding and humane treatment in the enjoyment of pets and other animals.

The accompanying pictures show a few of the girls and boys with their pets as recorded by Don Messenger, staff writer of the Christian Science Monitor. Many members of the animal kingdom are proudly exhibited for Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, and Miss Mary Hagelston, both of the American Humane Education Society, to judge on the basis of happy and healthy pets, rather than pedigree.

"Man's best friends" await the judges' decision as the latter go into a huddle on the side. Good sportsmanship was evident on all sides as those owners whose pets missed out in hair-line decisions congratulated the winners.

"Anyone seen my husband?" About to quack her impatience, Donald Rodenhaven's pet duck peers around for her partner. The pair of ducks won the ribbon for "best in show."

"What's going on?" Susan Mulvanity's kitten is adored by its owner as it surveys the field of entrants.

One of "Peter Rabbit's" cousins. Carol Johnson carries on for her well-known brother, Carl, as she affectionately shows one of several of her favorite pets.

IS THERE A CHILD

—on your Christmas gift list?
—who isn't thrilled to get something through the mail addressed especially to him (or her)?
—who wouldn't love you for giving him a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**? See the inside back cover of this issue for quantity order discount and *order today!*

May We Introduce



James V. Leyden

HIS wide and long experience with various departments of our Society makes the recent appointment of James V. Leyden to the post of Office Manager at the Rowley Memorial Hospital, in Springfield, most appropriate. We are, indeed, proud to announce this promotion.

Mr. Leyden started work at the Angell Memorial in March, 1941. There he served six months in the Clinic, six months in the Hospital Office, and was then transferred to Operating Room duties where he stayed for six years.

Following a leave of absence, Mr. Leyden returned to assume a post in the Treasurer's office, where he worked until the time of his new appointment which took effect November 1. Mr. Leyden replaces Mrs. Shirley Smead who has long and faithfully filled this position, but who plans to leave our employ at the end of the year.

Married, with three boys, ages six, ten and twelve, Mr. Leyden has been living in Brockton, but plans to move his family to Springfield as soon as possible.

We bespeak for him the cooperation of all those working for and interested in our Springfield branch.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

FIRE in the Barn

By John C. Macfarlane

Fourteen cows died in this barn fire
— one of hundreds of such cases.



MANY times over the years this magazine has publicized the constant danger of fire—fire that destroys valuable farm buildings, racing stables, cattle barns and the animals therein.

In a sense, we are watching helplessly while \$800,000,000 go up in smoke every twelve months. Valuable horses, dairy cattle, beef animals, yes, even goats and poultry, die by the hundreds because of fire, and most of these fires could have been prevented.

The average dairy and cattle barn represents a large investment. Some farm buildings are protected by fire-resistant coatings; some are made with non-combustible materials; a few have the protection of automatic water sprinklers. For the most part, however, farm buildings are unprotected except for fire extinguishers, and most of these buildings are located in areas far removed from paid or volunteer fire departments.

Fires involving hay and straw are very serious. Such fires will spread rapidly. Old barns, constructed entirely of wood, have very little protection. Hay and straw can be ignited easily. Shortly after a fire starts in a stall bedded with six inches of loose straw, the heat that is generated is about equal to burning gasoline. This concentration of heat will cause rapid fire spread to other building areas, walls, lofts and roofs.

In fighting fire, we cannot depend upon fire departments to save valuable livestock and barns. Too much time is usually lost in detecting the fire, and getting help. Therefore, it is wise to provide facilities for detecting and extinguishing fires promptly. Fire and heat exposure, or asphyxiation, can cause death to farm animals, even though structures are well protected with fire-resistant materials. Remember that there are two types of protection necessary if we will minimize losses—automatic fire detection and extinguish-

ing systems, and structural safeguards that will retard fire spread.

Fire will spread from a typical barn stall in four ways: By direct exposure and igniting of wood; by heat raising the temperature of combustibles (wood, hay, straw, rags, paper, etc.) to "fire-point"; by convection and conduction of air, smoke and gases; by sparks and flying embers.

The intensity of a straw fire can be realized by comparing its heat-producing capacity with gasoline. A half-inch depth of gasoline will burn at the rate of 0.238 lb. per minute, per square foot. Thus, a fire involving the floor area of a typical horse stall, which is 120 square feet, would produce 590,000 B. T. U. per minute heat rate (one British thermal unit, B. T. U., is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit).

Gasoline produces more heat per pound consumed than straw, but loosely piled straw actually burns much faster than gasoline. Under actual tests, straw will burn at the rate of 0.7 lb. per minute per square foot or approximately three times faster than gasoline.

A cow's stall, 8 feet by 5 feet, bedded with loosely piled straw will generate 224,000 B. T. U. per minute. The heat peak production rate of a stall fire will be about 120 times that required to heat a six-room house.

Where fire starts in a stall and spreads to the loft, five to eight minutes may be available for animal rescue work. Where the fire starts in the loft, entrance to the barn for rescue work will probably be impossible within five minutes or less.

The most effective permanent fire protection for a stable or barn is an automatic water sprinkler system. Such a system will guarantee maximum insurance rate reductions. Considering the cost of buildings and animals, the cost

of a standard water sprinkler system should pay for itself in from three to five years.

The fire record proves beyond doubt the reliability and effectiveness of automatic water sprinkler protection. Well over 250 million sprinklers, protecting over \$70,000,000,000 worth of properties, have resulted in a 90 per cent reduction in fire losses. The estimated cost of a standard water sprinkler system is \$185 per 120 square-foot stall.

By and large, farmers will not go the added expense of installing costly sprinkler systems. They should, however, be willing to observe the following inexpensive safeguard suggestions. If they will obey just a few common sense rules, barn and stable fires and the resultant loss of animals and buildings can be minimized.

They should check and keep in good repair all electrical wiring systems and permit absolutely "no smoking"; store baled hay rather than loose hay; remove all combustible materials, paper, rags, waste, bedding, and loose hay and straw—every day; have sufficient fire extinguishers readily accessible from all points within barns and stables; make certain that water supply is always available and that fire hose is not dry and cracked; have enough ventilation in loft to reduce possibility of spontaneous combustion; and of great importance is a fire-detecting system that will instantly warn of fire, no matter in what part of the building fire should occur.

However, the application of common sense coupled with the highest type of barn sanitation rigidly followed will save thousands of valuable farm animals and millions of dollars' worth of farm buildings.

Remember that a moment's carelessness can completely destroy a valuable business that took a lifetime to build.



"The temptation is terrific, but I'm afraid what will happen to me after I take a few pokes at those shiny things."

Horses I Draw

By Carol Henderson (12)

I DON'T own a horse, for we live within the city limits. But when I draw them, I pretend they are mine. I hope to own a horse someday, like some other children do. I go to farms where they have them, and I ride them there.

Someday I hope to have a shelter for not only horses, but other animals. For I love animals very much, and I hope people won't be cruel to them.

Our Squirrel

By Sheila Ann Paulson (7)

THERE is a squirrel that lives near our house, in a hole in a tree. Sometimes the squirrel comes to eat at the feeder. We feed him nuts. When he gets enough to eat, he hides the rest.

It is fun to watch him cover the nut with his little paws. He looks cute, sitting in the feeder.

Aunt Polly's Zoo

Animals with Sticky Tongues

LIKE thick, white frosting on a cake was the snow on Aunt Polly's windowsill one recent afternoon when she opened her door to some of her young neighbors. As soon as they were all settled before her fireplace, with a big wooden bowl full of hot, buttered popcorn and mugs of cider within reach of everyone, one little girl begged, "Tell us a story, Aunt Polly." Everyone else looked up at their hostess, who slowly rocked in her rocking chair.

Aunt Polly absent-mindedly smoothed her apron with one hand while she looked into the fire. "Well, you know I am very fond of all of my animals, but I'm particularly fond of the toads that protect my garden and home by catching flies and other insects. Did you ever watch Mr. Toad sitting, his head thrust forward, waiting for food? He is always hungry. When a fly lights within two inches of his nose, he makes no movement of his body. His mouth opens and the fly disappears!

"Mr. Toad's tongue has a sticky surface and is fastened at the front instead of at the back of his mouth, so he is able to throw his tongue well out of his mouth. To catch his food, he throws his tongue at it, the insect sticks fast and is swiftly drawn into the toad's mouth.

"Another strange thing about toads is the way they drink. Toads require water, but they never drink as we do. Instead of drinking, they soak. Like a sponge they spread out on their bellies and soak themselves full.

"Did I ever tell you I had a pet toad named Teddy? Toads are easily tamed. It required less than a week to make a pet out of Teddy. I fed him angleworms and insects while we were getting acquainted. Soon he stayed around my porch, catching worms, spiders, grasshoppers, flies and potato bugs. He is a very valuable pet, for in one summer he consumes no less than 10,000 garden pests. He also has been a very amusing pet.

"For instance, it always makes me laugh to see a toad go to bed. He actually kicks himself into bed! He backs and kicks into the loose sand as far as he can, then screws and twists until he has worked himself down out of sight beneath the soil. There he lies with only his big, pop eyes sticking out. If a hungry snake comes along, Mr. Toad just shuts his eyes and allows the loose dirt to fall over them. Usually the deceived snake passes by without seeing him.

"Human beings are a toad's worst enemies, since autos and small boys kill many toads yearly. Also, because of silly beliefs that toads cause warts, poison infants, and cause cows to go dry, people deliberately mistreat these little animal friends. Remember, the *only* harm toads can do is destroy countless garden pests.

"Silly superstitions like these cause us to fear many other harmless animals, like the 'Insects with Big Jewel Eyes' which I'll tell you about the next time you visit me, boys and girls."

—Eva C. Pollard

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Every Friday on TV

MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, **ANIMAL FAIR**, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in **ANIMAL FAIR** this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.



- ACROSS**
1. FROZEN WATER.
 3. SUNDAY SCHOOL - ABBV.
 - 5.
 7. HOTEL.
 9. TO FALL SHORT.
 11. KIND OF MEAT.
 - 13.
- DOWN**
- 2.
 3. TO BURN WITH HOT LIQUID.
 4. TO GLIDE OVER SNOW ON SKIS.
 6. FROM.
 7. FOUR - ROMAN NUM.
 8. SHORT SLEEP.
 10. BEHOLD.
 12. LOUISIANA - ABBV.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLE: Across - 1. elf, 4. arms, 6. Dad, 9. ow, 11. brush, 14. stop, 16. pit. Down - 2. la, 3. frost, 5. so, 7. ABC, 8. Dr., 10. wo, 12. us, 13. hop, 15. pie.

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Bird-Watching

By Alan Zagoren (II)

I WAS leaning against my father's car when I saw two English sparrows taking pieces of bread to a fork in the tree. They took all the bread there was and sat on a branch close to where they put the bread.

Then the father picked up a piece in his beak and put it into the mother sparrow's mouth. After the mother sparrow finished her bread, she picked up a different piece in her beak and put it in the mouth of the father sparrow. I stood very still so as not to scare them away. They fed each other for awhile.

I identified the sparrows by the black throat and the gray crown of the father sparrow and the plain dingy breast and the dull eye-stripe of the mother sparrow.

I think that two grown birds feeding each other is very unusual.

All About Boots

By Faith Fogle (7)

I HAVE a kitten. He is black and white. The reason why we call him Boots is because he has white boots. Boots has had lots of adventures.

One day, while he was playing in the backyard, a big tom cat saw Boots and started to chase him. Another day, Boots spilled a bottle of milk and right away started lapping it up.

Boots sleeps mostly all the time, in the window with a pillow in it.

Boots is so queer when he has closed his eyes and is biting and purring at the same time.



—Artist, Gedge Harmon

Decorating the tree is a well-established Christmas Eve custom.

It Happened in Texas

By Hazel E. Howard

ONE day while camping near San Antonio, Texas, I saw a mostly-poodle dog approaching my cabin. In his mouth he tightly gripped the handle of a basket which contained a couple of bones and some table scraps.

The dog trotted up to me and stood waiting expectantly, tail wagging, and eyes saying, "Please." I put my donation in the basket and the dog ambled off to the next cabin. When he had completed his rounds, he set the basket

down under a tree and enjoyed his dinner.

Later his owner told me another habit of this strangely intelligent dog. The dog would make trips from the wood-pile to the wood-box, filling the latter one stick at a time. When he decided he had worked long enough he reported for his reward, a pat on the head and something edible. However, if no treat were given him, the poodle carried every stick back to the wood-pile!



Playtime for My Pet

By Theresa E. Black

ALMOST everybody likes new games. Canasta and samba were more interesting than bridge; why? Because they were new. Dominoes, checkers, hide-and-seek, drop-the-handkerchief, even tiddly-winks; all have had their day.

Have you ever entertained the idea that whoever thought up the new games must have grown tired of the old ones?

If you have a dog in your house, you may be surprised at the new games he can originate. To assure him that you are willing to play with him and are eager to learn his new game, you may have to be the first to start playing.

Sometimes Cissie, my Pekingese, lies still at my feet with his face lifted to

mine and his big round, sparkling eyes pleading for me to play with him. Then I play that my first two fingers are a little boy walking toward him. This is interesting to him; he watches every step, and the nearer I get the more interested he becomes. As I get closer and closer to him, I make a staccato hissing sound and quickly jerk my hand back. The next time Cissie tries to pounce upon the "walking boy" with both front feet before my finger touches them. Here and now a new game has been invented. When Cissie misses, he jumps up and down, runs what I call a "one dog race" and begs for more from another position.

We have another game in which I hide behind a door, peek around the corner and call Cissie. Then I duck behind the door again. Cissie knows I am there and he also knows that we are playing games, so he approaches the doorway cautiously. But he cannot resist the temptation to peek around the corner. Sometimes he debates whether or not to pass the corner; then all I need to do is peek from behind the door and he is off on a new game of "Chase and Catch."

Indoor dogs like to run, so this is his favorite sport, but indoor dogs also tire easily. When Cissie has had enough exercise he jumps up to his place on the divan, which we call the "safety zone." Not one of us ever bothers him in his safety zone, except to praise or pet him.

There are no losers in our games, for the captured always gets a good petting by his or her captor. Cissie often wins and my ears get a good washing.



Not Cissie, but a seven-month-old Pekingese puppy bearing the season's greetings. This bright-eyed youngster was photographed by his owner, Mrs. O. C. Beam of Blue Ridge, Georgia.

Maybe I'm not being very modest, but I'd like to recommend this new book written about me by my own master. The name of it is "Fuzzy Britches," by Lewis C. Merrill, published by Pageant Press, New York City, who gave us permission to show you my picture above. The book sells for \$2.00 and can be secured through your own book store.

The fond reminiscences of a lovable wire-haired fox terrier will introduce readers to the adventures of a family pet, told first-hand by Fuzzy Britches himself.

This delightfully illustrated tale contains action-drawings of the pup and his friends—both human and canine—created by the well-known artist, Al Kilgore.

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